HAPGOOD & ADAMS.

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ONE DOLLAR AND PIPTY CENTS

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WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 12, 1855.

Moetry.

From the London Athenroun. MY PHILOSOPHY.

Bright things can never slie, E'en though they free; Besuty and minetrelay Deathless were made:

What though the summer day Passes at eve away: Both not the moon's soft ray Silence the night? Bright things can never die Phubus, though he pass by,

Leaves us the light.

Kind words can never die. God knows how deep they lie Stored in the bres Like childhool's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand tip Ave, in all years and climes

Distant and near; Kind words can never die, Saith say philosophy, Deep in the soul the, lie. Childhood can never die-

Wrenks of the past Float on the memor Many a happy thing, Many a daised spring. Flow on Time's ceaseless wing, Childhood can never die

Saith my philosophy. Live on for age. Swert fancies never die They leave behind Some fairy legacy

Some happy thought or dream Pure us day's carliest beam. Rissing the gentle stream,

Yet though these things pass by, Saith my philosophy, Bright thing can never die.

Choice Miscellany.

"I find the marks of my shortest steps beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own," s vs Alexander Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world He was revisiting the home of his infancy ; he vas retracing the little paths around it, in which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, and rank grass could not conceal, and cruef ploughs could not obliterate, his "shortest loot-

could have borne him and not been bur- old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Tom | cintdren that have come again. dened; folded him in his arms from all my shows from the top of the stairs .- One of us, men as we thought we with uncombed hair, and in languid spir danger and not been wearied; every Gently she lets go the thread, for her pu were, is weeping; she hears the half-sup- its seemingly. not be a child again. Ah! a rare art is dream again, and then directs Tommy's she will protect you from all barm " discovering the northwest passage to Was Mary to be married, or Jane to

it is so much easier for a mother to en- upon her still bosom, that there seemed ter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for to be a prayer in them there, and so the rest of the world. She fancies she is sweetly did she wreath the white rose in leading the children, when, after all, the the hair of the other, that one would not children are seading h r; and they keep have wondered had more roses builded her indeed where the river is the narrow- for company. est and the air is the clearest; and the How she stood between us and appre- the Independence of the United States. beckening of a radiant hand is so plain- hended harm; how the rudest of us soit- The author of that document, Thomas Jefly seen from the other side, that it is no ened beneath the gentle pressure of her ferson, ex-President of the United States, upon the little fingers she is holding, capacious pocket that hand was ever otic signers, and an ex-President, also, for we think it ought somewhere to be ed, the cherries she had plucked, the sings to a growing and vigorous people.

to think, but of the dear, old tashtoned | Well, she sang. Her voice was fee. tomb, in Massachusetts-in two States grandmother, whose thread of love, spun be and wavering, like a fountain just which were earliest in the field to conse-"by hand" on life's list e wheel, was ready to fall, but then how sweet toned crate, with the best blood of their citizens, longer and stronger than they make it it was; and it couldn't grow sweeter .- the erection of a political altar, founded now, was wound about and about the What 'joy of grief' it was to sit there on the experience and wisdom of all children she saw playing in the child- around the fire, all of us, except Jane, previous ages. "In death they were not ren's arms, in a true love knot that noth- that clasped a prayer to her bosom, and divided." ing but the shears of Atropos could sev ber we thought we saw, when the hall A lady in Vermont was asked by a er; for do we not recognize the lambs door was opened a moment by the wind; young dergyman to what religious desometimes, when summer days are over, but then we were not airaid, for wasn't nomination she belonged and autumn winds are blowing, as they it her smile she wore ?--to sit there "I don't know," said she, "and I necks in April or May, and go unto the down side by side in the soleam shad-meeting hou-e." gate and let the wanderers in ?

hope for length of days let them love and gels took them out of the night into day re son. honor her, for, we can tell them they everlasing.

will never find another.

been built, with spires and turrets of swept circle of the hearthstone. crimson. There is a broad warn hearth; Then she sings an old lullaby she sang

tern, and "samples" in frames.

so it was we wished our first wishes.

And every where and always the ed chair is tenantless. dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children-the old fashion to the homestead. ed grandmother of twenty years ago .grandchildren beside A great expan- always did. We threw our long shad-

white tress has escaped from beneath wept. her snowey cap; she has just res ored a "It is another daughter, grandmother, The housewife that used to look so small. lengthening the either of a vine tha was one, "for your blessing,"

sily see the child a man; but how hard ceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip- the nights are growing colder f' it is for it to see the man a child; and toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted The clock in the corner struck nine. he who had learned to glide back into up one by one, and look in the hundredth the bed time of those old days. The that rosy time, when he did not know time upon the tin cases of the weights. song of life was indeed sung, the story it all. that thorns were under the roses, or that and the poor lonely pendulum, which sold; it was bed time at last. Good clouds would ever retarn after the rain; goes to and fro by its little dim window, night to thee, grandmother! The oldwhen he thought a tear could stain a and never comes out in the world, and tashioned grandmother was no more, and falls across the doorway of farmer D., cheek no more than a drop of rain a our petitions are all granted, and we are we miss her forever. But we will ret up as we call the person of whom we are flower; when he fancied that the life listed up, and we all touch with a finger a tablet in the midst of the memory, in writing. had no disguise and hope no blight at the wonderful weights, and the music of the midst of the heart, and write on it "Our neighbor don't milk a dozen the young lose had faded, and the charm

be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly And it is perhaps for this reason that did she fold the white hands of the one OLD FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.

wonder she so o'ten lets go her clasp laded and tremulous hand ! From her and John Adams, one of the most patriand goes over to the neighbors, and the withdrawn closed, only to be opened in had lived to behold the light of the day children follow like lambs to the feld, our own, with the nuts she had gather- that marked a century of political bleswriten, "where the mother is, there will little egg she had found, the "turn over" When the sun had set, the body of the she had baked, the trinket she had sor- former was cold in death in Virginia, But it was not of the mother we b gan ed for us-the offspring of her heart. and that of the latter in the sleep of the

We may think what we will of it now, There is a large old kitchen some- but the song and the story heard around where in the past, and an old-fashion the kitchenfire have colored the thoughts ed fire place therein, with its smooth old and lives of most of us; have given us jams of stone; smooth with many knives, the germs of whatever poetry blesses that had been sharpened there, smooth our hearts; whatever of memory blooms with many little fingers that have clung in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever there. There are andirous, too; the we may to the school and the school old andirons, with rings in the top, master, the rays which make that litter's wherein many temples of flame have day we call life, radiate from the God-

broad enough for three generations to to mother-her mother sang to her; but cluster on; worn by feet that have she does not sing it through and falters been torn and bleeding by the way, or ere 'tis done. She rests her head u on been made "beautiful," and walked up- her hands, and it is silent in the old on floors of tessellated gold. There are kitchen. Something glitters down betongs in the corner, wherewith we grasp- tween her fingers in the fire light, and it ed a coal, and "b'owing for a little life," looks like rain in the sunshine. The old lighted our first candle; there is a show grandmother is thinking when she first el, wherewith were drawn forth the heard the song, and of the voice that glowing embers, in which we saw our sang it; when a light haired and lightfirst fancies and dreamed our first hearted girl, she hung around that mothdreams; the shovel, with which we stir- er's chair, nor saw the shadows of the red the sleepy logs, till the sparks rush- years to come. O! the days that are ed up the chimney as if a forge were in no more! What spell can we weave to the blast below, and wished we had so bring them back? What words unmany somethings that we coveted; and say, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

There is a chair-a low, rush-bottom- So all our little hands were forever ed chair; there is a little wheel in the clinging to her garments and staying corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom ber, as if from dying, for long ago she in the chamber. There are chests full had done living for herself, and lived of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare pat alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush bottom-

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more

We thought we were men and women, She, the very Providence of the old but we were children there. The old-

steps they were that thus kept time with and picked a four-leaved clover for El- h n i in mine, for she is my livest born, slovenly dress, with a melancholy air .-the feeble pattering of chidhood's little ien. She sits down by the little wheel the child of my old age. Shall I sing. The doors are close shut, and I suspect feet? It was the mother behind whom _a tress is running through her fingers you song children ." Her hand is in the spiters work in and about the place Ascanius walked "with equal steps" in from the distail's dishevelled hand, when her pocket as of old; she is illy fume at pleasure. Sometimes at ten o'clock Virgil's line, but a strong, stern man who a small voice cries "Grandma trum the bling for a toy, a welcome gift for the in the morning, the owner of these prem-

thing, indeed, he could have done for tience is almost as beautiful as her char- pressed sob; she say-, as she extends

once more ! Man's imagination can car she opens the mysterious door, and pro- you a story? Sirthe fire, for it is cold, to roam wild through the woods, and

only this: SACRED TO THE MEMORY GOD SLESS HER FOREVER.

DEATH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON AND JOHN ADAMS.

The Fourth of July, 1826, was the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of

Industry leads to prosperity.

ABOU POVERTY. BY ALICE CAREY.

and after tashion and display; but so is, and the bles ings we might have, outside of the possible.

omplaining about? What is there we as at the Academy. eally need which, by a little honest en | As it is, the parents are unaimable. well have been turned towards the sun- the means of indulging,

my mind. It is an old country house - were less discontented at the oppulence the walls. The trees that grow about it are well, and what of it? does the storm upturned, and the weeds in the door-yard best through because of the proud looks ?

useless condition, standing yet; so that have my friend. the water is drawn by means of a milk If I have not much gold and silver, I homestead; she who loved us all, and taskioned grandmother was blind in the the briars are up. In short, it looks though he may have a luxurious house, took all the school in the Hollow for eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she thriftless and comfortless, and why? It he may be blind to the splendor of the tending his left hand towards the recedwas not always so !

gown, or that more stately bom azine, them, as they fell over her form and she the house were neat and trim, as you can have had visions that wealth could not no friends. A true friend is the same heard of recent abuses practised in this bread by making a "slight mistake." or that sole heirloom of silken texture. looked dimly up, and saw tall shapes in magine-when the househ ld was astir buy; from the simple wood-flowers, and always, in prosperity or adversity, wheth-We can see her to day, those mild the doorway, and she says, "Edward I at daybreak and the dozen sleek cows the hum of the bees, and the song of er high or low, rich or poor. None of by other than mechanical m ans. Any blue eyes, with more of beauty in know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but were milked and turned into the pasture birds. I have gathered pleasures that the your tag-rag-and-bob-tail acquaintances chemical agent that will act upon tartar them then Time could touch or Death who is that other. It must be Jane, for before sunrise. Now the four or fire walls of a palace would have shut out. whose friendship can be bought with on the teeth will act upon and destroy do more than hide—those eyes that held she had almost forgo ten the folded scrawny creatures are sometimes neg And now, as I feel the sun-set light good dinners or good wine. A true the enamel of the teeth also, Hence alboth smiles and tears within the faintest hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she-I t lected until near mounday, and stand low." against me, and see the March boughs friend is a ways ready to assist you in though the teeth may be made to look call of every one of us, and soft reproof, me see she is waiting me, i n't she ? ing and switching the flies about the milkthat seemed not passion but regret. A and the old grandmother wandered and yard, in place of chewing the cull in the shining air, I am content, even though the expectancy of a consideration. Now, of acid, they soon become darker than

steps," and his mother's beside them, wander og lamb to its mother; she that Elward has brou ht," says some tidy, as she sood churuing under the ises has been yawning about the door,

He ased to be plowing when the larks him, but ju t what he needed most- ity, and she touches the little red bark a her feeble hand, "here, my poor child, began to sing, and whisting as they.could not sympathise with him; he could moment, till the young voyager is in a rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; And what has wrought all this change? that, for indeed it is an art, to set back onavailing attempts to harness the cat—

"Come, children, sit round the fire skipping to the free school, with faces so life. We were not long married and my Why are the children, that used to be the great old clock of time, and be a boy The tick of the clo k runs fairt and low, again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell round and so merry, kept at home now husband was always at home." forget all they had ever learned at their

A rich man has come to the nighbor

cows and make butter," says Mrs. D.- of life was lost. "Suppose we sell ours, and try some other way of doing?" The farmer demurs a little, but one after another the cows are sold .- "It makes the hands of thechildren sobigand awkward tomilk,"

whose ch ldren go to the Academy.

Bless me,', says Mrs. D. "our hollyhooks and sun flowers don't look much like the beautiful flowers some people ems.

and at last goes home diseatisfied with overturn the Pyramids.

himself and the world. Because they can't do all the rich neighbor can do, they will do nothing, when, if they had I wish more of us had the courage to kept stead by forward, they might have be poorer; that the world were not gone ecjoyed many things for which they are

True, their door yard might not have re lost in the effort to get those which been enclosed with a stone wall, but a waite-washed picket fence they could We are as one who sees the bright top have made, and that with the holly hocks f a mountain and combs till his strength and roses gleaming through, would have gone and the noontide hear burns him been pretty, if not grand. They might ip, and then sees too late the cool deep not have driven a fine coach. but a neat and comfortable carriage might have And what is it after all that we want ? been theirs, and their children might have

eavor, we may not attain it? In the envious, jedous, while their families are the and limited experience of my life, growing up in idleness and ignorance, ow many sorrowful limited pictures I and with proud and ambilious notions, ave seen-pictures that might just as too that they will never be likely to have

Again, I say, I wish we were not so Let me show you the first that rises to much afraid of being poor, or that we e roof all green with moss, the win- of others. Suppose our neighbor looks lows broken, and the paint washed from down upon us, or that our rool is lowhave choked out the flowers, if there if not, I see not that we are worse. If were ever any flowers there; every thing my dress be one of cloth and the gown of my friend be of another and costlier The well curb is shattered and leaning one, shall we cease to be friends because | ward deck, enjoying our cigars, and gato one side, the sweep broken, but in its of it. Not if she be one whom I care to zing at the last rays of the sun which

pail and the clothe-line; a few s anted can narrow my wants if I will, and afurrant bushes, and a bunch of worm- fer all the best things are the free gifts wood, indicate the spot where the garden of God. The fresh air and the sunshine had been. The fences are down, and are mine, as well as the rich man's; and sunset and the glory of the stars.

I remember talking with a nighbor cherry trees, at the door, is rarely to be lady of ours, years ago, it is now, about

sons of enjoyments.

"Such sweet flowers we had there, such

She stepped within the gorgeous drapery of the window as she spoke, and wiping her t ars gazed long and sadly This, and simply this, is the reason of towards the woods that hid the old house away. Sac had Freddy still and she had more flowers now than then, togethhood, and the shadow of his fine house or with many stylish daugs undreamed

of there, but alas! she was less happy. Wealth had brought with it a train of dissipations, and before their fal e glitter

No more sunset brought her tired husband from the fierd, and she looked at the old house and wept.

have. I don't care whether they are Thackery says a woman's heart is ju t in the country, in the farm-house, in the jury to which can never be repaired) to like a lithographer's stone-what is once Subbath morning comes, and the wag- written upon it can't be rubbed out on in which they used to ride to chure. This is to. Let an heiress once fix her lists, there would I have friendship and confidence. is not drawn from beneath the shed - affections on a stable boy, and all the Mrs. D. thi ks people that can't have a preaching in the world cannot get her carrage may as well stay at home and heart above out boxes and curry combs. Who live in a brown stone palace, full come bleating from the yellow fields, by around the fire, and weep over the woes don't care anything about your nomina- read a sermon; besides she noticed that "What is written in her heart can't be in alternate layers of red and yellow fields, by around the fire, and weep over the woes don't care anything about your nominathe crimson thread we wound about their of the "Babies in the Woods," who lay tions—i r my part I hold on to the old when she went last, that her bonnet rubbed out." This fact shows itself, not build which gives it a curiosly strenked now-a-days get beyond the second stage. didn't look like some ladie's bonne s. - only in love but in religion. Men change led, splendidly engraved, elegant gilt- effect, resembling muston chops or raw ows; and how strangely glad we telt Don', laugh so hard at the old lady. And the rich neighbor goes by in his their God's a dozen times; a woman edged cards, together with the compli-Blessed be the children who have an when the robin red breast covered them Many a political partizan sticks to his carriage, and the farmer wanders about never. To convert a sister of charity to ments of Mrs. Augustus Carriage, and the farmer wanders about never. old fashioned grandmother. As they with leaves, and last of all when the an- party as closely and just for the same the fields, looks at the colts and cows Methodism would require a greater as Smith, informing us that she is at home. There are fools who cannot keep a sediminishing in numbers and excellence, mount of power than you would have to on such and such evenings, at No --- cret. Their excessive greenness, like People who hug the stove and grow lean,

From the Home Journal. OUR FRIENDS. BY EBENEZER SPROUT.

"Save us from our friends!"

John Jones and I have many friends. and on 'the Avenue,' and bow to them, or talk to them, or laugh at them; in John Jones is a genius, a philosopher:

al. He, like many other eccentric peo What is this reaching and working and been educated at the free school as well ple, (and not very eccentric either,) and wishing to reform society, he often xpariates largely on the subject; and I ship, than wear out a pair of patent alk with him, not that I be leve that his leather boots on a tapestry velvet carpet, wishes will ever be consummated, but merely for the sake of argument. And yet, I was so deeply interested, by a few was still, save the slight jar of the maremarks of his some time since, that I chinery and the gurgling of the waters remember them, even now,

took passage in the Alida, at the close of evening, and, in answer to Jones's rea splendid day in the middle of August, marks, I struck up that quaint old meland when the tea-bell rang, we were gli- ody, "Auld Lang Syne," I had just finding past the Palisades, ploughing the ished the second line, when Jones joined waters of the 'lordly Hudson.' It was me, and his clear rich manly voice, filled after tea, and while seated on the for- the evening air. had just disappeared behind the Highlands, that Jones exclaimed:--

'Do you know, Eb, that we have no

And who needs to be told whose foot- straying over a window, as she came in, still wen up and down. My eyes wan, they should not be broken nor scratched, for she and her husband had suddenly dered to the smoke pipe; then to the and that the tartar shall be so perfectly They had lived in an unpretending then skipped across the river, and glided left, as upon a rough surface there is linde nouse in the midst of thick woods, along the verdant banks, over pasture- sure to be a fresh accumulation of tartar. when I fi st visited them, and were poor. fields, over houses, over herds of cattle, To have this done properly it is neces-Naturally enough, I alluded to our first over the tree-tops, made still more beausary to obtain the aid of a practised lowing useful. It is a rule by which to a quaintance and to one of its many sea tiful by the last rays of the setting un, hand, with appropriate instruments. To find the superficial number of feet a "O, it was a dear old place the house miles away; then over a new landscape, a full and soft brush should be applied the board in feet by the breadth of the in the woods," she said with a sigh .- and back a ain to the busy scene around in a rotary manner at least once a day board in inches, and divide the product

BEAUMOST'S Type D STRIBUTING Ma- unknown to 'ur best society.' Everylove. Yes, even in 'our best society,' if it can reach so fav. Consider the Smiths

sons why. First, because we are blest with remarkably good voices, and Mrs. Smith finds it rather convenient to have the company entertained with a duett, while the musicians are preparing to strike up the redown or a schottisch; sec ond, we are good dancing men; and We meet them up town, we meet them last, but by no means least, we are bachdown town, we meet them in Broadway, clors, and so abundantly supplied with worldly goods, that Mrs. Smith is quite certain that we could support the Misses short, we do just as everybody else does. Smith (there are two of them, just come out) in 'style,' should she succeed in ma-I, an ordinary, common-place individu- king the matches (not lucifers; necessarity!) The Smiths are a good sample of all our friends. I tell you sincerely, thinks we are living too fast now a days. Eb. I would rather grasp the hard, brown hand of an honest ploughman, in friend-

in the midst of 'our best society,' ' Here Jones ceased speaking, and al at the bow. My cigar having gone out, Having some business at Albany that the deck being entirely deserted, and required our personal attendance, we feeling inspired by the calumess of the

HOW BEST TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.

It is probable that no department of 'What!' said I; 'no friend.? Why, treatment of teeth, and all intelligent per- and took a hasty leave. When around there are the Smiths, the Browns, the-' sons should know that no practiser of that 'There they are,' repeated Jones, ex- specially, can be safely trusted whose take brea h and enjoy his prize. He took ing spires of the city. 'There they are, uninown to them. I would call atten- out, and throwing the loaf away, struck sive heart was hers, beneath that woolen ows through the open door, and she felt I can remember when all the farm and der any low cottage roof at midaight, I sure enough; and yet, I say, we have my for be humble and my portion Eb, think of these things, and tell me, ever, to be whitened no more, and early decay and pain are sure to follow. In I glanced at the walking-beam-that cleaning the teeth by mechanical means monotonous piece of machinery-and it the only caution to be observed is that streamer that floated over our heads; removed that a smooth surface shall be over hill and valley, up the country for keep the teeth clean, when once made so, board contains. Multiply the length of us. While my eyes wandered, my with water not very cold. As often as by 12; the quotient is the contents in a nice garden, and when we had Fready, thoughts were not idle, but the effort was once a week prepared chalk may be used square feet. If the board is wider at vain; and though heartily wishing to for a destrifice. When more than this one end than the other, add the breadth answer in the affirmative, yet, taking in- is needed it is best to obtain the assist- of the two ends together, and the amount to consideration John Jones' ideas of a suce of the dent st. Charcoal, purice for the mean breadth; then multiply true friend, I could not. So, after a long stone, &c., wears away the teeth too se- this by the length and divide by 12 as 'No. Jones; not one. But,' continued named is, it insinu tes itself between the ruduce the whole to inches, multiply it by I, 'you say that this is a 'progressive gum and the neck of the tooth, which the breatth and divide by 144, when the age, that these are 'fast' times; that ev latter, not being covered by enamel, answer will be feet. erything has urdergone a change in the soon decays when thus exposed. Filpast twenty years; then may we not rup ling and filing teeth are operations which pose that friendship has changed also? no one but an educated dentist should tooth just as he would extract a nail from goods, importe upon the "first" Japan-

erhaps the warm-hearted disinterested attempt; nor will a pru lent person ever friendship of old, is not necessary to com have a touth drawn by any other hand our city, received on yesterday; per plete the happiness of 'our best occiety' if a dentist is near. If one is not, then mail, and from merchants of San Franin these later days; then why should it let a handy and firm person, having first *Very true, Eb; there is no reason why the tooth as near as the root as possible it should exist because true happiness is with a pair of forceps, and extract the said Mrs. D., "and if we want them to curve -- After a pretty thorough exam- thing connected with it, is false, ar ifibe like anybody, (meaning the rich ination of the working of this machine, cial, 'm de to order.' Even we, who injure. For such a class of teeth there neighbor,) we must not have them we are convinced, says the N. Y. Jour- move in the first circles of the best so- is a peculiar motion in drawing; but nal of Commerce, of its practical utility in ciety, when we smile or laugh, and, to these none but the dentist will be likely They don't try anything else, howev. large printing establishments. Each all outward appearances, are jovial and to remember. To relieve an aching tooth er, in the place of butter making, and machine will distribute but one size of merry, we are not happy; our gayety is apply a drop af any essential oil or of before long the dresses of the children type; but the inventor informs us that a mask, to be put on whenever we apare too old and too worn to wear to they may be so constructed as to be easily pear before our so called friends, (who ity, or a single drop of creosote, not George E Pugh, U. S. Senator, from school; there is nothing with which to adapted to the different sizes of small are, in reality, our greatest enemies. - around the tooth but in the cavity; and Ohie was married to Miss Therese Chalmake new ones, and Mrs. D. thinks it a type. If worked by hand, one man or We laugh when a joke is told, not that having done so, close up the cavity, fant, of Cincinnati, on Thursday. Miss small difference whether they go at all, boy can distribute 12,000 cms per hour, we can detect the lease particle of wit in first with a little cotton and then with a as it is as well to stay at home, if they and with scarcely a possibility of an it, but because it is fashionable; because little beeswax. The repeated applicacan't do any more like other tolks; re- error of a single type; whereas by the it is considered polite. I am a warm adferring of course to the rich neighbor, usual process of hand distribution, 3,000 vocate of friendship and love universal; stroy the sensation of the tooth but more ems are about the average. The machine true happiness cannot exist in society powerful agents for this purpose should By many she is considered one of the The weeds grow up in the door-yard. can be worked by steam, and one man where there is no friendship, no love. be applied by the dentist alone. Even most brilliant and beautiful women in can then attend to three of them making You may laugh as you will, neverthe- these are sometimes injurious to the t is country .-- N Y. Express. the total distribution in one hour 36,000 less I advocate 'love in a cottage;' and mouth when carelessly applied. Above not only there, but love in the city, love all, however, never trust your toeth (inlog-cabin, on the mountain-top, in the any person in whose personal integrity valley-wherever the human family ex and professional skill you have not entire

Bellow's new church in New York, 'The church of the Holy Zebra.' It is built | mals, and sometimes come to be people."

Avenue? There are three real that of new wood, causes them to split. | will please notice.

WHOLE NO. 2045

INVENTIONS.

"That man has sought out many inrentions," is as true at this day, as it could possibly have been when spoken by the wise man of old. In the Scientific American, we read of a machine for milking cows, a sort of patent mechanical calf, which sucks the milk into a pail without the aid of milk maids. The writer says it is a flexible tube, with four branches, each branch turnished with a thimble of the size and shape to receive the tests of the cow. When the air in the vessel to which the tube is attached, is exhausted by means of an air pump, he suckers (thimbles) lay hold like a

Another man has invented headshades, which are small umbrellas, worn on the head, saving the trouble of holdng them up with the hand, and all exense in the way of hats and bonnets. Another aims cannon at distant objects, by using telescopic sights, and another has applied for a patent for artificial eeth, made of India Rubber and Gutta

MISTAKEN IN THE ARTICLE .- The Mountain Democrat ells a good story of a poor Indian who stepped into a grocery store in Placerville, and made himself at home by the side of an open barrel of tar, which he mistook for molasses. He had in his hand a 1 af of bread for which he had paid his last quarter, and as soon as the clerk's back was turnthe healing art is subjected to more fre- ed upon him, he dipped it into the barquent abuses than that relating to the rel, thoroughly coating it with the liquid

SURVEYS IN NEW MEXICO .- The Survevor General of New Mexico writes to he Commissioner of the General Land Office from Santa Fe, that he has closed a contract for the survey of six hundred miles of the correction of standard parallel lines east of the principal meridian, and also west of the said meridian, and outh of the base line. The difficulties of carrying forward these surveys during the dry season are represented to be very great. The deputy surveyers have been paying seventy five cen's per gallon for water for themselves and mules while surveying a large portion of the work .-

verely, and indestructible as the first- before. If the length be feet and inches,

We clip this item from the Steubenville Herald of the 17th inst:

THE "FIRST CUT."-Col. Collier, of cisco, out of regard for him, a beautiful cut the gum well from the neck, embrace and finely wrought silk vest pattern .-The novelty of the present is, that it is he "first cut" of the "first" piece of ese vessel that has touched our shores, or entered an American port, laden with the product of the far off Japanese Islands for traffic-and the manufactured tricles of that odd, ingentous, and heretofore exclusive people

MARRIAGE OF A U.S. SENATOR .- Hon.

SELECTIONS FROM PUNCH. - A thought whilst smoking.-Love is like a cigarthe longer it burns the less it becomes. Procrustination - It is with our good intentions as with our dishes-to-morrow is too often the hash of to day.

" Chi dren," says Mrs. Grant, " are first vegetable, and then they are sni-

The best cough mixture that has been made consists of a pair of thick boots